

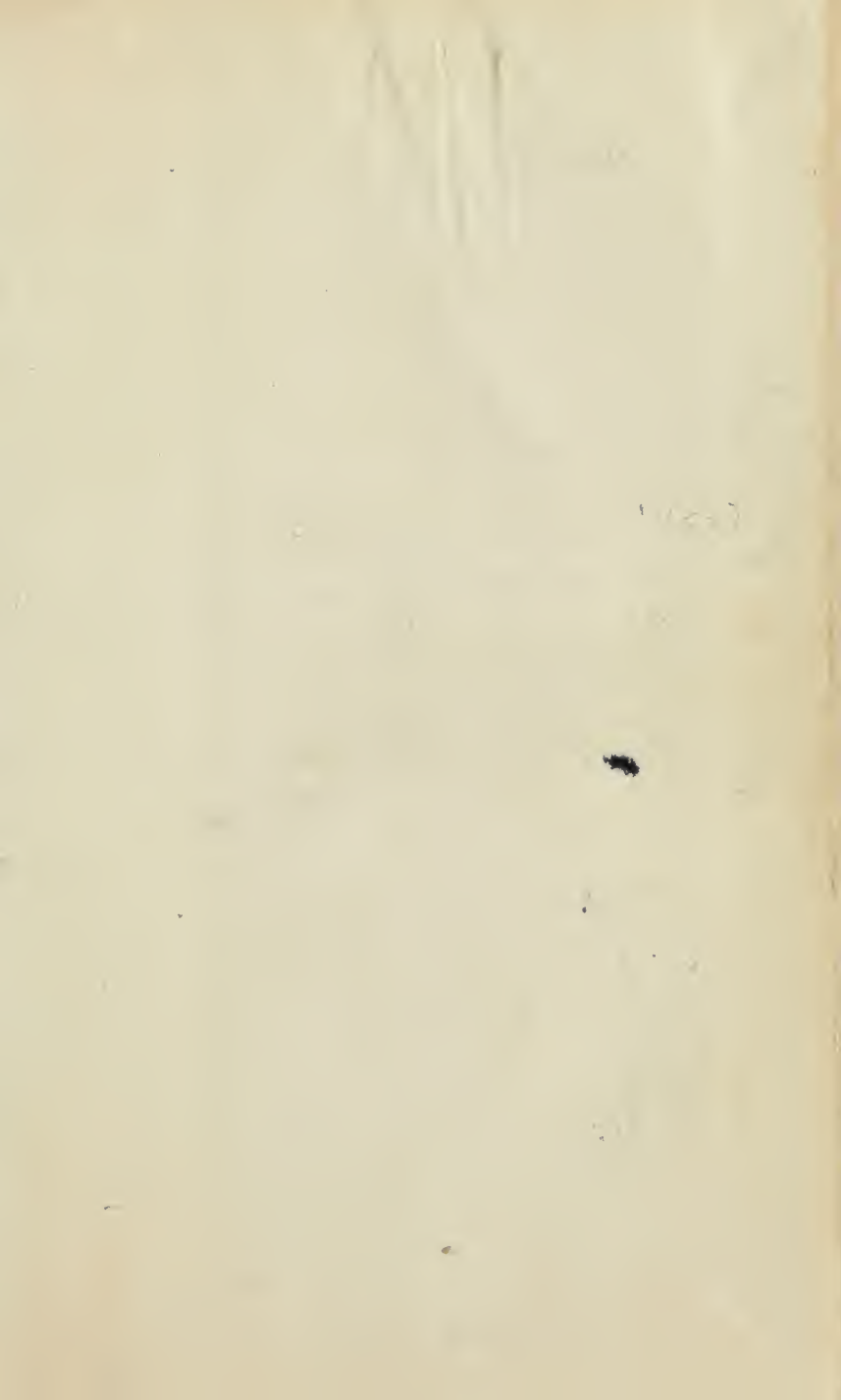
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**FAVOURITE CLASSICS :**  
**The Plays of Shakespeare.**

# **MACBETH**

# THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

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## MACBETH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
GEORGE BRANDES

and a Plate representing Miss ELLEN TERRY as  
'Lady Macbeth,' from the painting by  
J. S. SARGENT, R.A.

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NEW YORK  
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## INTRODUCTION.

## I.

SHAKESPEARE took the material for this tragedy from the same source on which he drew for all his English histories—Holinshed's Chronicle to wit. In this case Holinshed, at no time a trustworthy historian, simply reproduced a passage of Hector Boece's *Scotorum Historiæ*. Macdonwald's rebellion and Sweno's Viking invasion are fables; Banquo and Fleance, as founders of the race of Stuart, are inventions of the chroniclers. There was a blood feud between the house of Duncan and the house of Macbeth. Lady Macbeth, whose real name was Gruoch, was the granddaughter of a king who had been killed by Malcolm II., Duncan's grandfather. Her first husband had been burnt in his castle with fifty friends. Her only brother was killed by Malcolm's order. Macbeth's father also, Finlegh or Finley, had been killed in a contest with Malcolm. Therefore they both had the right to a blood-revenge on Duncan. Nor did Macbeth sin against the laws of hospitality in taking Duncan's life. He attacked and killed him in the open field. It is further to be observed that by the Scottish laws of succession he had a better right to the throne than Duncan. After having seized the throne he ruled firmly and justly. There is a quite adequate psychological basis for the real facts of the year 1040, though it is much simpler than that underlying the imaginary events of Holinshed's Chronicle, which form the subject of the tragedy.

Shakespeare on the whole follows Holinshed with

great exactitude, but diverges from him in one or two particulars. According to the Chronicle, Banquo was accessory to the murder of Duncan ; Shakespeare alters this in order to give King James a progenitor of unblemished reputation. Instead of using the account of the murder which is given in the Chronicle, Shakespeare takes and applies to Duncan's case all the particulars of the murder of King Duffe, Lady Macbeth's grandfather, as committed by the captain of the castle of Forres, who 'being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow her advice in the execution of so heinous an act.' It is hardly necessary to remark that the finest parts of the drama, such as the appearance of Banquo's ghost and Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene, are due to Shakespeare alone.

Some sensation was made in the year 1778 by the discovery of the manuscript of *The Witch*, a play by Shakespeare's contemporary Middleton, containing in their entirety two songs which are only indicated in *Macbeth* by the quotation of their first lines. These are 'Come away, come away' (iii. 5), and 'Black spirits,' etc. (iv. 1). A very idle dispute arose as to whether Shakespeare had here made use of Middleton, or Middleton of Shakespeare. The latter is certainly the more probable assumption, if we must assume either to have borrowed from the other. It is likely enough, however, that single lines of the lesser poet have here and there been interpolated in the witch scenes of Shakespeare's text as contained in the Folio edition.

Shakespeare has employed in the treatment of this subject a style that suits it—vehement to violence, compressed to congestion—figures treading upon each other's heels, while general philosophic reflections



occur but rarely. It is a style eminently fitted to express and to awaken terror ; its tone is not altered, but only softened, even in the painfully touching conversation between Lady Macduff and her little son. It is sustained throughout with only one break—the excellent burlesque monologue of the Porter.

## II.

The play centres entirely round the two chief characters, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth ; in their minds the essential action takes place. The other personages are only outlined.

The Witches' song, with which the tragedy opens, ends with that admirable line, in which ugliness and beauty are confounded :—

‘Fair is foul, and foul is fair.’

And it is significant that Macbeth, who has not heard this refrain, recalls it in his very first speech :—

‘So foul and fair a day I have not seen.’

It seems as if these words were ringing in his ears ; and this foreshadows the mysterious bond between him and the Witches. Many of these delicate consonances and contrasts may be noted in the speeches of this tragedy.

After Lady Macbeth, who is introduced to the spectator already perfected in wickedness, has said to herself (i. 5)—

‘The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements,’

the next scene opens serenely with the charming pictures of the following dialogue :—

‘DUNCAN. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO. This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven’s breath  
Smells wooingly here : no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,  
The air is delicate.’

Then the poet immediately plunges anew into the study of this lean, slight, hard woman, consumed by lust of power and splendour. Though by no means the impassive murderess she fain would be, she yet goads her husband, by the force of her far stronger will, to commit the crime which she declares he has promised her :—

‘I have given suck, and know  
How tender ’tis to love the babe that milks me .  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck’d my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.’

So coarsely callous is she ! And yet she is less hardened than she would make herself out to be ; for when, just after this, she has laid the daggers ready for her husband, she says :—

‘Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done ’t.’

The absolutely masterly, thrilling scene between husband and wife after the murder, is followed, in horrible, humoristic contrast, by the fantastic inter-

ude of the Porter. He conceives himself to be keeping watch at hell-gate, and admitting, amongst others, an equivocating Jesuit, with his casuistry and *reservatio mentalis*; and his soliloquy is followed by a dialogue with Macduff on the influence of drink upon erotic inclination and capacity. It is well known that Schiller, in accordance with classical prejudices, omitted the monologue in his translation, and replaced it by a spurious morning-song. What seems more remarkable is that an English poet like Coleridge should have found its effect disturbing and considered it spurious. Without exactly ranking with Shakespeare's best low-comedy interludes, it affords a highly effective contrast to what goes before and what follows, and is really an invaluable and indispensable ingredient in the tragedy. A short break in the action was required at this point, to give Macbeth and his wife time to dress themselves in their night-clothes; and what interruption could be more effective than the knocking at the castle gate, which makes them both thrill with terror, and gives occasion to the Porter episode?

Another of the gems of the play is the scene (iv. 2) between Lady Macduff and her wise little son, before the murderers come and kill them both. All the witty child's sayings are interesting, and the mother's utterly pessimistic speeches are not only wonderfully characteristic of her, but also of the poet's own present frame of mind :—

‘Whither should I fly ?

I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world ; where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas,  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say I have done no harm ?’



Equally despairing is Macduff's ejaculation when he learns of the slaughter in his home: 'Did heaven look on, and would not take their part?' The beginning of this lengthy scene (iv. 3), with its endless dialogue between Malcolm and Macduff, which Shakespeare has transcribed literally from his Holinshed, is weak and flagging. It presents hardly any point of interest except the far-fetched account of King Edward the Confessor's power of curing the king's evil, evidently dragged in for the sake of paying King James a compliment which the poet knew he would value, in the lines—

‘Tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction.’

But the close of the scene is admirable, when Ross breaks the news to Macduff of the attack on his castle and the massacre of his family :—

'MACD. My children too?

Ross.                      Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

MACD.                      And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

MAL. Be comforted :  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

MACD. He has no children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

MAL. Dispute it like a man.

MACD. I shall do so ;  
But I must also feel it as a man :  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part ?'

The voice of revolt makes itself heard in these words, the same voice that sounds later through the despairing philosophy of *King Lear*: 'As flies to wanton boys, we we to the gods: they kill us for their sport.' But immediately afterwards Macduff falls back on the additional sentiment:—

‘Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls.’

Among these horror-stricken speeches there is one in particular that gives matter for reflection—Macduff's cry, 'He has no children.' At the close of the third act of *Henry VI.* there is a similar exclamation of quite different import. There, when King Edward, Gloucester, and Clarence have stabbed Margaret of Anjou's son before her eyes, she says:—

‘You have no children, butchers! if you had,  
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse.’

Many interpreters have attributed the same sense to Macduff's cry of agony; but their mistake is plain; for the context undeniably shows that the one thought of the now childless father is the impossibility of an adequate revenge.

But there is another noticeable point about this speech, 'He has no children,' which is, that elsewhere we are led to believe that he has children. Lady Macbeth says, 'I have given suck, and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me'; and we have neither learned that these children are dead nor that they were born of an earlier marriage. Shakespeare never mentions the former marriage of the historical Lady Macbeth. Furthermore, not only does

she talk of children, but Macbeth himself seems allude to sons. He says (iii. 1):—

‘ Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench’d with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If’t be so,  
For Banquo’s issue have I filed my mind.’

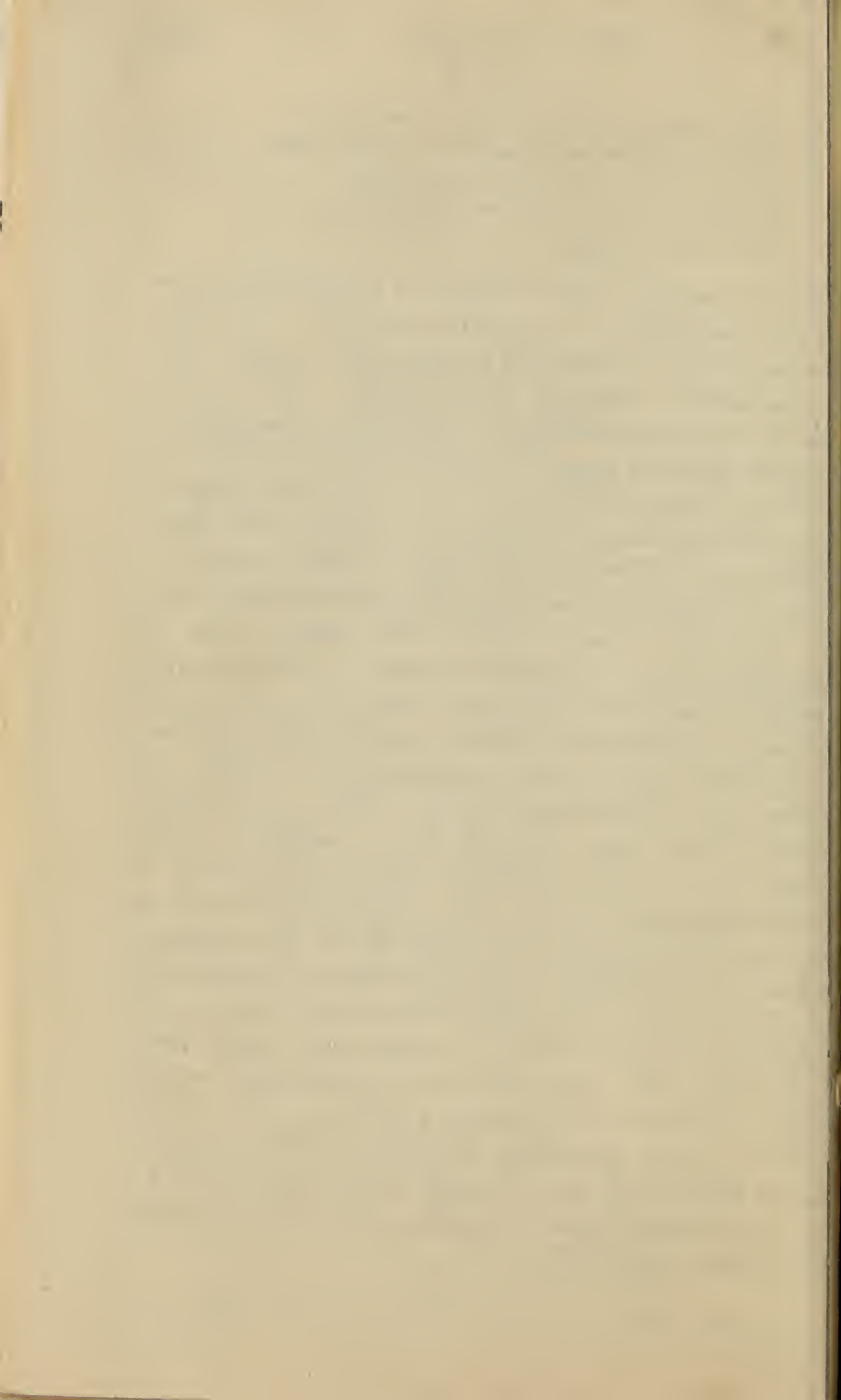
If he had no children of his own, the last line meaningless. Had Shakespeare forgotten these earlier speeches when he wrote that ejaculation of Macduff? It is improbable; and, in any case, they must have been constantly brought to his mind again at rehearsals and performances of the play. We have here one of the difficulties which would be solved if we were in possession of a complete and authentic text.

The crown which the Witches promised to Macbeth soon becomes his fixed idea. He murders his king and sleep. He slays, and sees the slain for ever before him. All that stand between him and his ambition are cut down, and afterwards raise their bloody heads and bodeful visions on his path. He turns Scotland into one great charnel-house. His mind is ‘full of score-pions’; he is sick with the smell of all the blood he has shed. At last life and death become indifferent to him. When, on the day of battle, the tidings of his wife’s death are brought to him, he speaks those profound words in which Shakespeare has embodied his whole melancholy life-philosophy:—

‘ She should have died hereafter ;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.'

This is the final result arrived at by Macbeth, the man who staked all to win power and glory. Without any underlining on the part of the poet, a speech like this embodies an absolute moral lesson. We feel its value all the more strongly, as Shakespeare's study of humanity in other parts of this play does not seem to have been totally unbiassed, but rather influenced by the moral impression which he desired to produce on the audience. The drama is even a little marred by the constant insistence on the *fabula docet*, the recurrent insinuation that 'such is the consequence of aspiring at power by the aid of crime.' Macbeth, not by nature a bad man, might in the drama, as in real life, have tried to reconcile the people to that crime, which, after all, he had reluctantly committed, by making use of his power to rule well. The moral purport of the play excludes this possibility. The ice-cold, stony Lady Macbeth might be conceived as making the consequences of her counsel and action as calmly as the high-born Locustas of the Renaissance, Catherine de' Medici, or the Countess of Somerset. But in this case we should have missed the moral lesson conveyed by her ruin, and, what would have been worse, the incomparable sleep-walking scene, which—whether it be perfectly motivated or not—shows us in the most admirable manner how the sting of an evil conscience, even though it may be blunted by day, is sharpened again at night, and robs the guilty one of sleep and health.





# MACBETH.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }  
DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*

MACBETH, }  
BANQUO, } *generals of the king's army.*

MACDUFF, }  
LENNOX, }  
ROSS, } *noblemen of Scotland.*  
MENTEITH, }  
ANGUS, }  
CAITHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the  
English forces.*

YOUNG SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

BOY, *son to Macduff.*

AN ENGLISH DOCTOR.

A SCOTCH DOCTOR.

A SOLDIER.

A PORTER.

AN OLD MAN.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

GENTLEWOMAN *attending on Lady Macbeth.*

HECATE. Three Witches. Apparitions.

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,  
Attendants, and Messengers.*

*Scene—Scotland : England.*



# MACBETH.

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## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*A desert place.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

FIRST WITCH. When shall we three meet again  
in thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SEC. WITCH. When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH. That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH. Where the place?

SEC. WITCH. Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin!

SEC. WITCH. Paddock calls.

THIRD WITCH. Anon.

ALL. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.

### SCENE II.

*A camp near Forres.*

*Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

DUN. What bloody man is that? He can report,



As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

MAL.                                This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend !  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

SER. Doubtful it stood ;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—  
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles  
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied ;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's whore : but all 's too weak :  
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion carved out his passage  
Till he faced the slave ;  
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUN. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

SER. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd

Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men  
Began a fresh assault.

DUN. Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SER. Yes;

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell.

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUN. So well thy words become thee as thy  
wounds;

They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Who comes here?

*Enter Ross.*

MAL. The worthy thane of Ross.

LEN. What a haste looks through his eyes!  
So should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

DUN. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold. Norway himself,

With terrible numbers,  
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
 The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;  
 Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,  
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
 Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
 The victory fell on us.

DUN. Great happiness!

Ross. That now  
 Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;  
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men  
 Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch  
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUN. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
 Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,  
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

DUN. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath  
 won. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*A heath near Forres.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

FIRST WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister?

SEC. WITCH. Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH. Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in  
 her lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—*Give*  
*me, quoth I:*

*Aroint thee, witch!* the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail, - *female no*  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. *PHILIPS*

SEC. WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH. Thou'rt kind.

THIRD WITCH. And I another.

FIRST WITCH. I myself have all the other,  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay : *TAKE HIS MANKIND*

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid ;

He shall live a man forbid :

Wear y se'nnights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine : *SAIL AROUND 81*

Though his bark cannot be lost, *DAYS*

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

SEC. WITCH. Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

THIRD WITCH. A drum, a drum !

Macbeth doth come.

ALL. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about :

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace ! the charm's wound up.



*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

MACB. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BAN. How far is't called to Forres? What are these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand  
By each at once her chappy finger laying [me,  
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

MACB. Speak, if you can: what are you?

FIRST WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Glamis!

SEC. WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be  
king hereafter!

BAN. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace and great prediction  
Of noble having and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH. Hail!

SEC. WITCH. Hail!

THIRD WITCH. Hail!

FIRST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SEC. WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though  
thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACB. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge

you. [Witches *vanish*.

BAN. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

MACB. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal

melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

BAN. Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner?

MACB. Your children shall be kings.

BAN. You shall be king.

MACB. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

BAN. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's  
here?

*Enter Ross and ANGUS.*

ROSS. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

ANG. We are sent  
To give thee from our royal master thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

ROSS. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!  
For it is thine.

BAN. What, can the devil speak true?

MACB. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you  
In borrow'd robes? [dress me

ANG. Who was the thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgement bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
combined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;

But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

MACB. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!  
The greatest is behind. [To Ross and ANGUS]  
Thanks for your pains.

To BAN.] Do you not hope your children shall be  
kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?

BAN. That trusted home  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's  
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACB. [Aside] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

[Aside] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,



Shakes so my single state of man that function  
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.

BAN. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACB. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, wh  
chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

BAN. New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.

MACB. [*Aside*] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BAN. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACB. Give me your favour: my dull brain was  
wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.  
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time  
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

BAN. Very gladly.

MACB. Till then, enough. Come, friends.

[*Exeunt*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Forres. The palace.*

*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,  
LENNOX, and Attendants.*

DUN. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

MAL.

My liege,

DUN. Welcome hither :  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,

That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
 No less to have done so, let me infold thee  
 And hold thee to my heart.

BAN.

There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

DUN.

My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
 In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
 And you whose places are the nearest, know  
 We will establish our estate upon  
 Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
 The Prince of Cumberland ; which honour must  
 Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
 On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
 And bind us further to you.

MACB. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:  
 I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful  
 The hearing of my wife with your approach ;  
 So humbly take my leave.

DUN.

My worthy Cawdor !

MACB. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland ! that  
 is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires ;  
 Let not light see my black and deep desires :  
 The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,  
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*]

DUN. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant,  
 And in his commendations I am fed ;  
 It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,

whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :  
is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

*Inverness. MACBETH'S castle.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.*

LADY M. *They met me in the day of success ; and have learned by the perfectest report, they have more than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves rapt in air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with Hail, king that shalt be ! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the joys of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be  
That thou art promised : yet do I fear thy nature ;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way : thou wouldst be great ;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it : what thou wouldst  
do so quickly,

That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou'ldst have,  
Great Glamis,

That which cries *Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;*



*And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone.* Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter a Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

MESS. The king comes here to-night.

LADY M. Thou'rt mad to say it:  
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

MESS. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:  
One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

LADY M. Give him tending;  
He brings great news. *[Exit Messenger.]*

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry *Hold, hold!*

*Enter MACBETH.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

MACB. My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY M. And when goes hence?

MACB. To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY M. O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent  
flower,

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACB. We will speak further.

LADY M. Only look up clear;  
To alter favour ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*Before MACBETH's castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

DUN. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

BAN. This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,  
The air is delicate.

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

DUN. See, see, our honour'd hostess !  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY M. All our service  
In every point twice done and then done double  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house : for those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

DUN. Where's the thane of Cawdor ?

We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
to be his purveyor : but he rides well ;  
and his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
to his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guests to-night.

LADY M.                      Your servants ever  
have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,  
to make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
till to return your own.

DUN. Give me your hand ;  
conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,  
and shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

MACBETH'S *castle.*

*hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH.*

MACB. If it were done when 'tis done, then  
'twere well  
were done quickly : if the assassination  
ould trammel up the consequence, and catch  
with his surcease success ; that but this blow  
ight be the be-all and the end-all here,  
at here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
e 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases  
e still have judgement here ; that we but teach  
bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
o plague the inventor : this even-handed justice



Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

LADY M. He has almost supp'd: why have you  
left the chamber?

MACB. Hath he asked for me?

LADY M. Know you not he has?

MACB. We will proceed no further in this business:  
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY M. Was the hope drunk

Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely? From this time  
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard *NO MORE*  
 To be the same in thine own act and valour *SEX*  
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
 Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACB.

Prithee, peace:

dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none.

LADY M.

What beast was't, then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;

And, to be more than what you were, you would

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that their fitness

now *HAS BEEN A NOBIL CHILD NOT*  
*MACBETH'S*

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,

Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,

And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you

Have done to this.

MACB.

If we should fail?

LADY M.

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

MACB.                      Bring forth men-children only  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

LADY M.                      Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

MACB.                      I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth  
know.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THE SECOND.

## SCENE I.

*Court of MACBETH's castle.*

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch  
before him.*

BAN. How goes the night, boy?

FLE. The moon is down; I have not heard the  
clock.

BAN. And she goes down at twelve.

FLE. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

BAN. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry  
in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

MACB. A friend.

BAN. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's  
a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices.

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

MACB. Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

BAN. All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

MACB. I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

BAN. At your kind'st leisure.

MACB. If you shall cleave to my consent, when  
'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

BAN. So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

MACB. Good repose the while!

BAN. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

MACB. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is  
ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible



no feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy  
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter* LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. That which hath made them drunk  
hath made me bold;  
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.  
Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:  
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd  
their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

MACB. [*Within*] Who's there? what, ho!

LADY M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

*Enter* MACBETH.

My husband!

MACB. I have done the deed. Didst thou not  
hear a noise?

LADY M. I heard the owl scream and the  
crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

MACB. When?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I descended?

LADY M. Ay.

MACB. Hark !

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

LADY M. Donalbain.

MACB. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACB. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and  
one cried *Murder* !

That they did wake each other : I stood and  
heard them :

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

LADY M. There are two lodged together.

MACB. One cried *God bless us* ! and *Amen* the  
other ;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say *Amen*,

When they did say *God bless us* !

LADY M. Consider it not so deeply.

MACB. But wherefore could not I pronounce  
*Amen* ?

I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*

Stuck in my throat.

LADY M. These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

MACB. Methought I heard a voice cry *Sleep no  
more* !

*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,*

*Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—*

LADY M.

What do you mean?

MACB. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the  
house :

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Candor  
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more.*

LADY M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,  
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there : go carry them ; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACB.

I'll go no more :

I am afraid to think what I have done ;  
Look on 't again I dare not.

LADY M.

Infirm of purpose !

Give me the daggers : the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ;  
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.]

MACB.

Whence is that knocking?

How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather



the multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
making the green one red.

*Re-enter* LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. My hands are of your colour; but I  
shame

to wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I  
hear a knocking

at the south entry: retire we to our chamber:  
a little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it, then! Your constancy  
hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*]

Hark! more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
and show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
so poorly in your thoughts.

MACB. To know my deed, 'twere best not know  
myself. [*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou  
couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Knocking within. Enter a Porter.*

PORTER. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man  
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning  
the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock!  
Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a  
farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of  
plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you;  
here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock,  
knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name?



Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate*

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.*

MACD. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed? That you do lie so late?

PORT. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACD. What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORT. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACD. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORT. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being so strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACD. Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH.*

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

LEN. Good morrow, noble sir.

MACB. Good morrow, both.

MACD. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACB. Not yet.

MACD. He did command me to call timely on him: have almost slipp'd the hour.

MACB. I'll bring you to him.

MACD. I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 'tis one.

MACB. The labour we delight in physics pain. This is the door.

MACD. I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service. *[Exit.*

LEN. Goes the king hence to-day?

MACB. He does: he did appoint so.

LEN. The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of  
death,

And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion and confused events

New hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night : some say, the earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

MACB. 'Twas a rough night.

LEN. My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

MACD. O horror, horror, horror ! Tongue nor  
heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee !

MACB. LEN. What's the matter ?

MACD. Confusion now hath made his master-  
piece !

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building !

MACB. What is't you say ? the life ?

LEN. Mean you his majesty ?

MACD. Approach the chamber, and destroy your  
sight

With a new Gorgon : do not bid me speak ;  
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX.*]

Awake, awake !

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason !  
Banquo and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself ! up, up, and see  
The great doom's image ! Malcolm ! Banquo !  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

o countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*]

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

MACD. O gentle lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.

*Enter* BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,  
Our royal master's murder'd!

LADY M. Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

BAN. Too cruel any where.  
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

*Re-enter* MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS.

MACB. Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter* MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

DON. What is amiss?

MACB. You are, and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.



MACD. Your royal father's murder'd.

MAL.

O, by whom?

LEN. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:  
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows:  
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

MACB. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

MACD.

Wherefore did you so?

MACB. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and  
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make's love known?

LADY M.

Help me hence, ho!

MACD. Look to the lady.

MAL. [*Aside to DON.*] Why do we hold our  
tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

DON. [*Aside to MAL.*] What should be spoken  
here, where our fate,



hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?  
Let's away;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

MAL. [*Aside to DON.*] Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

BAN.

Look to the lady:

[*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence  
Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

MACD.

And so do I.

ALL.

So all.

MACB. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

ALL.

Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*]

MAL. What will you do? Let's not consort  
with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

DON. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

MAL.

This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away : there's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Outside MACBETH's castle.*

*Enter Ross and an Old Man.*

OLD M. Threescore and ten I can remember  
well :

Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange ; but this sore  
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock, 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it ?

OLD M. 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most  
strange and certain—  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

ontending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
far with mankind.

OLD M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

ROSS. They did so, to the amazement of mine  
eyes

that look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACD. Why, see you not?

ROSS. Is 't known who did this more than bloody  
deed?

MACD. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

MACD. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
were stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
suspicion of the deed.

ROSS. 'Gainst nature still!

Unriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
mine own life's means! Then 'tis most like  
the sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACD. He is already named, and gone to Scone  
to be invested.

ROSS. Where is Duncan's body?

MACD. Carried to Colmekill,  
the sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
and guardian of their bones.

ROSS. Will you to Scone?

MACD. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

MACD. Well, may you see things well done  
there : adieu !

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new

Ross. Farewell, father.

OLD M. God's benison go with you ; and with  
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt.*]

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### ACT THE THIRD.

#### SCENE I.

*Forres. The palace.*

*Enter BANQUO.*

BAN. Thou hast it now : king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,  
Thou play'dst most foully for't : yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope ? But hush ! no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY  
MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, Ross, Lords, Ladies,  
and Attendants.*

MACB. Here's our chief guest.

LADY M. If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing unbecoming.

MACB. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

BAN. Let your highness  
Command upon me; to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

MACB. Ride you this afternoon?

BAN. Ay, my good lord.

MACB. We should have else desired your good  
advice,

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

BAN. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

MACB. Fail not our feast.

BAN. My lord, I will not.

MACB. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BAN. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

MACB. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;



And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.

[*Exit* BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night : to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you !

[*Exeunt all but* MACBETH, *and an* Attendant.]

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men

Our pleasure ?

ATTEN. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACB. Bring them before us. [*Exit* Attendant.]

To be thus is nothing ;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be fear'd : 'tis much he

dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear : and, under him,

My Genius is rebuked ; as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him : then prophet-like

They hail'd him father to a line of kings :

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !  
Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance ! Who 's there ?

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

*[Exit Attendant.]*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

FIRST MUR. It was, so please your highness.

MACB.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know  
That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self : this I made good to you  
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,  
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the  
instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that  
To half a soul and to a notion crazed [might  
Say *Thus did Banquo.*

FIRST MUR. You made it known to us.

MACB. I did so, and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature  
That you can let this go ? Are you so gospell'd  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave  
And beggar'd yours for ever ?

FIRST MUR.

We are men, my liege.

MACB. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;  
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept  
All by the name of dogs : the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him closed ; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike : and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't :  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

SEC. MUR. I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

FIRST MUR. And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

MACB. Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

BOTH MUR. True, my lord.

MACB. So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts

Against my near'st of life : and though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down ; and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

SEC. MUR.                      We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

FIRST MUR.                      Though our lives—

MACB. Your spirits shine through you. Within  
this hour at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
The moment on't ; for 't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace ; always thought  
That I require a clearness : and with him—  
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart :  
I'll come to you anon.

BOTH MUR.                    We are resolved, my lord.

MACB. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*



## SCENE II.

*The palace.**Enter* LADY MACBETH *and a Servant.*

LADY M. Is Banquo gone from court?

SERV. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

LADY M. Say to the king, I would attend his  
leisure

For a few words.

SERV. Madam, I will.

[*Exit*]LADY M. Nought's had, all's spent  
Where our desire is got without content :  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.*Enter* MACBETH.How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died  
With them they think on ? Things without all  
remedy

Should be without regard : what's done is done.

MACB. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it.  
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.But let the frame of things disjoint, both the  
worlds suffer,Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie



In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;  
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

LADY M. Come on ;  
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

MACB. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :  
Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

LADY M. You must leave this.

MACB. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

LADY M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACB. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;  
Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons  
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY M. What's to be done ?

MACB. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest  
chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;

And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale ! Light thickens ; and the  
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood :  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still :  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.  
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*A park near the palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

FIRST MUR. But who did bid thee join with us ?

THIRD MUR. Macbeth.

SEC. MUR. He needs not our mistrust, since he  
delivers

Our offices and what we have to do  
To the direction just.

FIRST MUR. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

THIRD MUR. Hark ! I hear horses.

BAN. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho !

SEC. MUR. Then 'tis he : the rest

That are within the note of expectation  
Already are i' the court.

FIRST MUR. His horses go about.

THIRD MUR. Almost a mile: but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

SEC. MUR. A light, a light!

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.*

THIRD MUR. 'Tis he.

FIRST MUR. Stand to't.

BAN. It will be rain to-night.

FIRST MUR. Let it come down.

*[They set upon BANQUO.*

BAN. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

*[Dies. FLEANCE escapes.*

THIRD MUR. Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MUR. Was't not the way?

THIRD MUR. There's but one down; the son is fled.

SEC. MUR. We have lost

Best half of our affair.

FIRST MUR. Well, let's away, and say how much  
is done. *[Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. Hall in the palace.*

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY  
MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

MACB. You know your own degrees; sit down:  
at first

And last the hearty welcome.

LORDS. Thanks to your majesty

MACB. Ourselves will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.  
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

LADY M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our  
friends ;  
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*First Murderer appears at the door.*

MACB. See, they encounter thee with their  
hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' the midst :  
Be large in mirth ; anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round. [*Approaching the door.*] There's  
blood upon thy face.

MUR. 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACB. 'Tis better thee without than he within.  
Is he dispatch'd ?

MUR. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for  
him.

MACB. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : yet  
he's good  
That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

MUR. Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

MACB. Then comes my fit again : I had else been  
perfect,  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air :  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

MUR. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;  
The least a death to nature.

MACB. Thanks for that :  
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm that 's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone : to-  
morrow

We 'll hear, ourselves, again. *[Exit Murderer.]*

LADY M. My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,  
'Tis given with welcome : to feed were best at  
home ;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony ;  
Meeting were bare without it.

MACB. Sweet remembrancer !  
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !

LEN. May 't please your highness sit.  
*[The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits  
in MACBETH's place.]*

MACB. Here had we now our country's honour  
roof'd,  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present ;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance !

ROSS. His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your  
highness  
To grace us with your royal company.



MACB. The table's full.

LEN. Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACB. Where?

LEN. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

MACB. Which of you have done this?

LORDS. What, my good lord?

MACB. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

LADY M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well: if much you note him,

You shall offend him and extend his passion:

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

MACB. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appal the devil.

LADY M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,

Impostors to true fear, would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire,

Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,

You look but on a stool.

MACB. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!  
how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.  
If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. *[Ghost vanishes.*

LADY M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACB. If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY M. Fie, for shame!

MACB. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the  
olden time,

Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

LADY M. My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACB. I do forget.  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health  
to all;

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.  
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

LORDS. Our duties, and the pledge.

---

*Re-enter Ghost.*

MACB. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the  
earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

LADY M. Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACB. What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence! *[Ghost vanishes.]*

Why, so: being gone,  
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

LADY M. You have displaced the mirth, broke  
the good meeting,  
With most admired disorder.

MACB. Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

ROSS. What sights, my lord ?

LADY M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse  
and worse ;

Question enrages him. At once, good night :  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

LEN. Good night ; and better health  
Attend his majesty !

LADY M. A kind good night to all !

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY M.*

MACB. It will have blood ; they say, blood will  
have blood :

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak ;  
Augurs and understood relations have  
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night ?

LADY M. Almost at odds with morning, which  
is which.

MACB. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his  
person

At our great bidding ?

LADY M. Did you send to him, sir ?

MACB. I hear it by the way ; but I will send :  
There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,  
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters :  
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,  
All causes shall give way : I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er :  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;  
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

LADY M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACB. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and  
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use :

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE V.

#### *A Heath.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.*

FIRST WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate ! you look  
angrily.

HEC. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy and overbold ? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death ;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art ?  
And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now : get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning : thither he  
Will come to know his destiny :  
Your vessels and your spells provide,



Your charms and every thing beside.  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:  
Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that distill'd by magic sleights  
Shall raise such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:  
And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within*: 'Come away,  
come away,' etc.]

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.]

FIRST WITCH. Come, let's make haste; she'll  
soon be back again. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VI.

*Forres. The palace.*

*Enter LENNOX and another Lord.*

LEN. My former speeches have but hit your  
thoughts,

Which can interpret further: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious  
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:



That, by the help of these—with Him above  
To ratify the work—we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,  
Do faithful homage and receive free honours :  
All which we pine for now : and this report  
Hath so exasperate the king that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

LEN. Sent he to Macduff?

LORD. He did : and with an absolute *Sir, not I*,  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums, as who should say *You'll rue the time*  
*That clogs me with this answer.*

LEN. And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England and unfold  
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accursed !

LORD. I'll send my prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

*A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

FIRST WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SEC. WITCH. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

FIRST WITCH. Round about the cauldron go ;

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

SEC. WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake ;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

THIRD WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat, and slips of yew

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,

Finger of birth-strangled babe

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab :

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SEC. WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.*

HEC. O, well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains:  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in. [Music.

SONG.

*Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and grey;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.* [HECATE retires.

SEC. WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks!

*Enter MACBETH.*

MACB. How now, you secret, black, and mid-  
What is 't you do? [night hags!

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACB. I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;



Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;  
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
 Their heads to their foundations; though the  
 treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
 Even till destruction sicken; answer me  
 To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH. Speak.

SEC. WITCH. Demand.

THIRD WITCH. We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it  
 from our mouths,

Or from our masters?

MACB. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

FIRST WITCH. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
 Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten  
 From the murderer's gibbet throw  
 Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high or low;  
 Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.*

MACB. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

FIRST WITCH. He knows thy thought:  
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

FIRST APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!  
 beware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.  
[Descends.]

MACB. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
 thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word  
more,—

FIRST WITCH. He will not be commanded:  
here's another,

More potent than the first.

*Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.*

SEC. APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACB. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

SEC. APP. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh  
to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

MACB. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of  
thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned,*  
*with a tree in his hand.*

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby-brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

ALL. Listen, but speak not to't.

THIRD APP. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take  
no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him. [Descends.

MACB. That will never be :  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good  
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

MACB. I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?  
[Hautboys

FIRST WITCH. Show!

SEC. WITCH. Show!

THIRD WITCH. Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in  
his hand; BANQUO'S Ghost following.*

MACB. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!  
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?  
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :  
Horrible sight ! Now, I see, 'tis true ;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his. [Apparitions *vanish*.]

What, is this so ?

FIRST WITCH. Ay, sir, all this is so : but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights :  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic round ;  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and  
then vanish, with HECATE.*

MACB. Where are they ? Gone ? Let this per-  
nicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar !  
Come in, without there !

*Enter LENNOX.*

LEN. What's your grace's will ?

MACB. Saw you the weird sisters ?

LEN. No, my lord.

MACB. Came they not by you ?

LEN. No, indeed, my lord.

MACB. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;  
And damn'd all those that trust them ! I did hear  
The galloping of horse : who was't came by ?

LEN. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word  
Macduff is fled to England.

MACB. Fled to England !



LEN. Ay, my good lord.

MACB. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought  
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.  
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Fife. Macduff's castle.*

*Enter LADY MACDUFF, her SON, and Ross.*

L. MACD. What had he done, to make him fly  
the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. MACD. He had none:  
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

—L. MACD. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave  
his babes,  
His mansion and his titles in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;



The pitfall nor the gin.

SON. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. MACD. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

SON. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. MACD. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

SON. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. MACD. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

SON. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. MACD. Ay, that he was.

SON. What is a traitor?

L. MACD. Why, one that swears and lies.

SON. And be all traitors that do so?

L. MACD. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

SON. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. MACD. Every one.

SON. Who must hang them?

L. MACD. Why, the honest men.

SON. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. MACD. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

SON. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if

you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. MACD. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer.

[*Exit.*]

L. MACD.

Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world; where to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say I have done no harm?

*Enter Murderers.*

What are these faces?

FIRST MUR. Where is your husband?

L. MACD. I hope, in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou mayst find him.

FIRST MUR.

He's a traitor.

SON. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

FIRST MUR.

What, you egg!

[*Stabbing him.*]

Young fry of treachery !

SON.

He has kill'd me, mother :

Run away, I pray you !

[Dies.

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying Murder !  
Exeunt Murderers, following her.

### SCENE III.

*England. Before the King's palace.*

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

MAL. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and  
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACD.

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom : each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

MAL.

What I believe I'll wail,

What know believe, and what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have loved him well:

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but  
something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

MACD. I am not treacherous.



MAL.

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;  
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

MACD.

I have lost my hopes.

MAL. Perchance even there where I did find my  
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

MACD.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy  
wrongs;

The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

MAL.

Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think withal  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here from gracious England have I offer



Of goodly thousands : but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

MACD. What should he be ?

MAL. It is myself I mean : in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted  
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

MACD. Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth.

MAL. I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name : but there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust, and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear  
That did oppose my will : better Macbeth  
Than such an one to reign.

MACD. Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet

To take upon you what is yours : you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.  
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be  
That vulture in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclined.

MAL.                                With this there grows  
In my most ill-composed affection such  
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,  
Desire his jewels and this other's house :  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

MACD.                                      This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;  
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own : all these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

MAL. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

MACD. O Scotland, Scotland !

MAL. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :  
I am as I have spoken.

MACD. Fit to govern !

No, not to live. O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accursed,  
And does blaspheme his breed ? Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king : the queen that bore thee,  
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here !

MAL. Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste : but God above  
Deal between thee and me ! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,

For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
The devil to his fellow and delight  
No less in truth than life : my first false speaking  
Was this upon myself : what I am truly,  
Is thine and my poor country's to command :  
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we'll together ; and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

MACD. Such welcome and unwelcome things at  
once

'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

MAL. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth,  
I pray you ?

DOCT. Ay, sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls  
That stay his cure : their malady convinces  
The great assay of art ; but at his touch—  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—  
They presently amend.

MAL. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

MACD. What's the disease he means ?

MAL. 'Tis call'd the evil :  
A most miraculous work in this good king ;  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,



Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Ross.*

MACD. See, who comes here ?

MAL. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

MACD. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MAL. I know him now. Good God, betimes  
remove

The means that makes us strangers !

Ross.

Sir, amen.

MACD. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Ross.

Alas, poor country !

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile :

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the  
air

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell

Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere they sicken.



MACD. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true !

MAL. What's the newest grief?

ROSS. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker :  
Each minute teems a new one.

MACD. How does my wife?

ROSS. Why, well.

MACD. And all my children?

ROSS. Well too.

MACD. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

ROSS. No ; they were well at peace when I did  
leave 'em.

MACD. Be not a niggard of your speech : how  
goes 't?

ROSS. When I came hither to transport the  
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :  
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.

MAL. Be't their comfort  
We are coming thither : gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;  
An older and a better soldier none  
That Christendom gives out.

ROSS. Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like ! But I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

MACD. What concern they?  
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief  
Due to some single breast?

ROSS. No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

MACD. If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

ROSS. Let not your ears despise my tongue for  
ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

MACD. Hum! I guess at it.

ROSS. Your castle is surprised; your wife and  
babes  
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

MAL. Merciful heaven!  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

MACD. My children too?

ROSS. Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

MACD. And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

ROSS. I have said.

MAL.

Be comforted :

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

MACD. He has no children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

MAL. Dispute it like a man.

MACD. I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man :  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did heaven  
look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

MAL. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let  
grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACD. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!

MAL.

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may :

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

*Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.*

DOCT. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENT. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCT. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching ! In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say ?

GENT. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCT. You may to me : and 'tis most meet you should.

GENT. Neither to you nor any one ; having no witness to confirm my speech.



*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes ! This is her very guise ; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her ; stand close.

DOCT. How came she by that light ?

GENT. Why, it stood by her : she has light by her continually ; 'tis her command.

DOCT. You see, her eyes are open.

GENT. Ay, but their sense is shut.

DOCT. What is it she does now ? Look, how she rubs her hands.

GENT. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands : I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY M. Yet here's a spot.

DOCT. Hark ! she speaks : I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY M. Out, damned spot ! out, I say !—One : two : why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky !—Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afeard ? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

DOCT. Do you mark that ?

LADY M. The thane of Fife had a wife : where she now ?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean ?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that : you mar all with this starting.

DOCT. Go to, go to ; you have known what you would not.



GENT. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that : heaven knows what she has known.

LADY M. Here's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh !

DOCT. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely charged.

GENT. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCT. Well, well, well,—

GENT. Pray God it be, sir.

DOCT. This disease is beyond my practice : yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out on's grave.

DOCT. Even so ?

LADY M. To bed, to bed ! there's knocking the gate : come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed !

[E

DOCT. Will she go now to bed ?

GENT. Directly.

DOCT. Foul whisperings are abroad : unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
God, God forgive us all ! Look after her ;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night :  
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

GENT.

Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The country near Dunsinane.*

*Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS,  
ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.*

MENT. The English power is near, led on by  
Malcolm,

His uncle Siward and the good Macduff :  
Revenge burn in them ; for their dear causes  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
Excite the mortified man.

ANG.

Near Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

CAITH. Who knows if Donalbain be with his  
brother ?

LEN. For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file  
Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

MENT.

What does the tyrant ?

CAITH. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :  
Some say he's mad ; others that lesser hate him  
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

ANG. Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

MENT. Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there ?

CAITH. Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed :  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we in our country's purge  
Each drop of us.

LEN. Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

### SCENE III.

*Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

MACB. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?  
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus :  
*Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that's born of woman*

*Shall e'er have power upon thee.* Then fly, false thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures :  
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !  
Where got'st thou that goose look ?

SERV. There is ten thousand—

MACB. Geese, villain ?

SERV. Soldiers, sir.

MACB. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?  
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

SERV. The English force, so please you.

MACB. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*

Seyton !—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough : my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton !

*Enter SEYTON.*

SEY. What is your gracious pleasure ?

MACB. What news more ?



SEY. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

MACB. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

SEY. 'Tis not needed yet.

MACB. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses ; skirr the country round ;  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.  
How does your patient, doctor ?

DOCT. Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

MACB. Cure her of that.  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart ?

DOCT. Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

MACB. Throw physic to the dogs ; I'll none of it.  
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff.  
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.  
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—  
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,



Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou  
of them?

DOCT. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

MACB. Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

DOCT. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and  
clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Country near Birnam wood.*

*Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD  
and his SON, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS,  
ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.*

MAL. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

MENT. We doubt it nothing.

SIW. What wood is this before us?

MENT. The wood of Birnam.

MAL. Let every soldier hew him down a bough  
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

SOLDIERS. It shall be done.

SIW. We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

MAL. 'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,



Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't : I have supp'd full with horrors ;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

*Re-enter SEYTON.*

Wherefore was that cry ?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACB. She should have died hereafter ;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou comest to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

MESS. Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

MACB.

Well, say, sir.

MESS. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

MACB.

Liar and slave !

MESS. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :  
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;





Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

MACD. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them  
all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  
[*Excunt.*

## SCENE VII.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH.*

MACB. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he  
That was not born of woman ? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD.*

Yo. SIW. What is thy name ?

MACB. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. SIW. No ; though thou call'st thyself a  
hotter name

Than any is in hell.

MACB. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. SIW. The devil himself could not pronounce  
a title

More hateful to mine ear.

MACB. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. SIW. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my  
sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*

MACB. Thou wast born of woman.



But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

MACD. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show  
thy face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

SIW. This way, my lord; the castle's gently  
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

MAL. We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

SIW. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Another part of the field.*

*Enter MACBETH.*

MACB. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die

On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

MACD. Turn, hell-hound, turn !

MACB. Of all men else I have avoided thee :  
But get thee back ; my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

MACD. I have no words :  
My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out ! *[They fight.*

MACB. Thou lovest labour :  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed :  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

MACD. Despair thy charm ;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

MACB. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense ;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with  
thee.

MACD. Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time :  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
*Here may you see the tyrant.*

MACB. I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be him that first cries *Hold, enough!*

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*  
*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours,*  
MALCOLM, old SIWARD, Ross, the other Thanes,  
and Soldiers.

MAL. I would the friends we miss were safe  
arrived.

SIW. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MAL. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:  
He only lived but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

SIW. Then he is dead?

ROSS. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause  
of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

SIW. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

MAL. He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more:  
They say he parted well, and paid his score:  
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer  
comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.*

MACD. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold  
where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:  
Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

MAL. We shall not spend a large expense of  
time

Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and  
kinsmen,

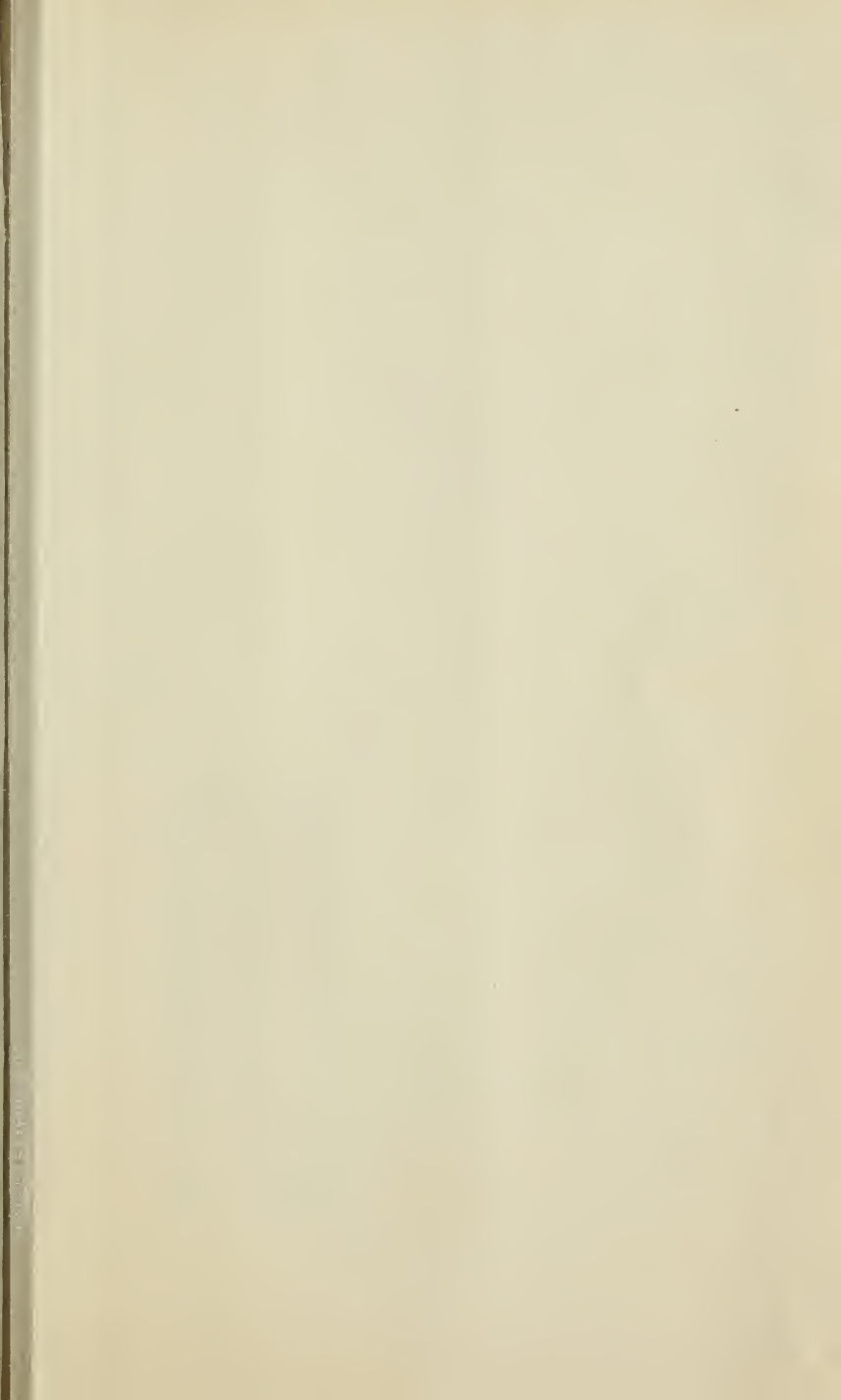
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour named. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exiled friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;

---

Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life; this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time and place :  
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish Exeunt.*]

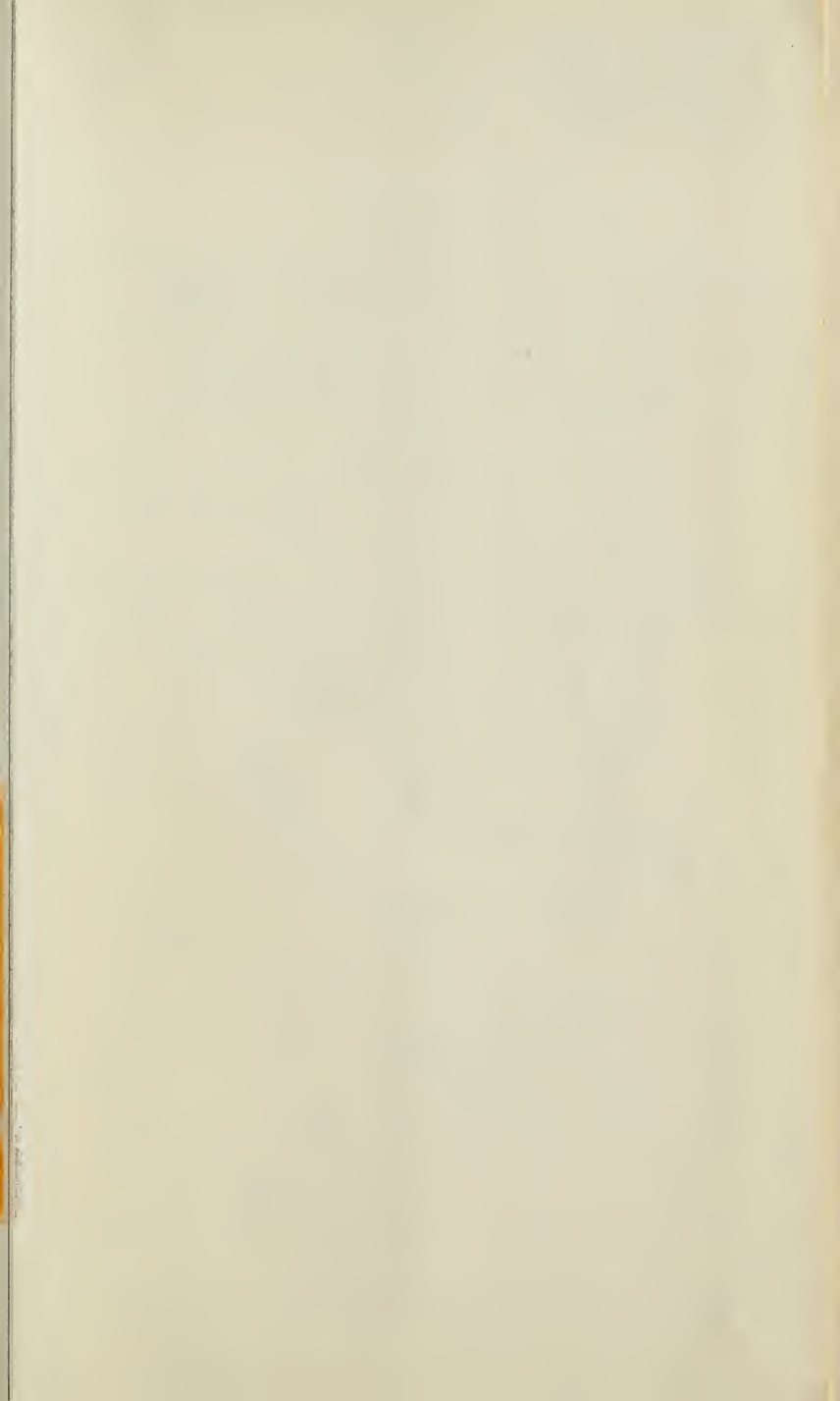




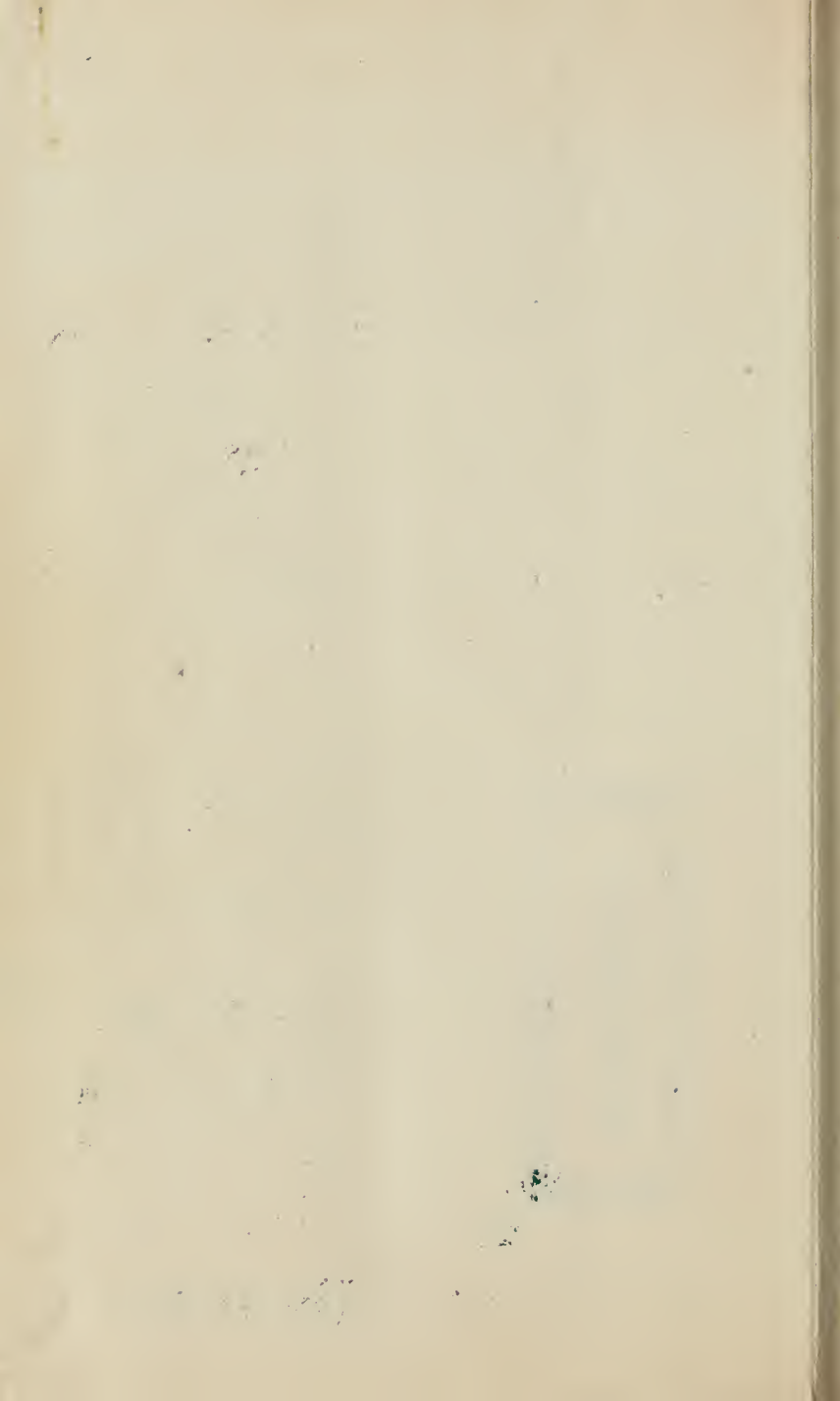


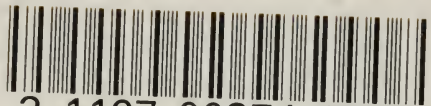
WACBELH  
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